

Manifesto by lain walls

If you do not hear music, you are not listening hard enough.

If you are not perceiving comedy, you are too preoccupied with the stick up your ass.

If you are not perceiving tragedy, you are laughing too hard.

If you are not giving away all your money, all your coins; your collars, hats (both top and bowler) caps (both bottle and ball) and money; your wives, children, husbands, partners, money, crushes, awkward situationships, parents, money, and sexually confused first experiences of love and attraction and porn and grief and eye, ear, mouth, and nose sex—if you are not giving away your vile and odiferous explicit sexual urges, your fetishes, and your money, you are clutching your pearls too hard.

If you do not hear music, you are not listening hard enough.

If you are not defaced, scarred, cut open, bleeding, and disfigured into a pile of charred leaves in the middle of the forest, waiting to be raked into a burn pile in your grandfather's backyard where he throws a squeaky toy across the pit and scolds his mutts when they run across it, you are not listening hard enough to the music that you do not hear.

If you do not hear music, you are not listening hard enough.
I will not repeat myself.

If you do not hear music, you are not listening hard enough.

If you are folding—contorting yourself into a pretzel because you feel like you'd taste better in pretzel-shape, you have not tasted the joy of stick-shaped hard pretzels.

If you are not solving the puzzle by putting the square peg I gave you into the square hole, you are incurious, and I don't want to be your friend.

If you are seeing a puzzle where there isn't, convoluting and obscuring words into a knotted mess of twine waiting to be untangled by meaning that doesn't exist, I don't want to be your friend.

If you believe what I said about not wanting to be your friend, I want to be your friend and I'm sorry.

If you do not hear music—and I'll be the first to say this—if you do not hear music, you are not listening hard enough.

If you believe you can hear 1953 the way 1953 did, instead of making it feel like what they felt; instead of modernizing the origins of the ground the subject walks, you do not understand that you are not the Son of God, who was crucified, had his garments divided, thirsted, was given sour wine, and rose three days after.

If you can pour blood, sweat, cum, talent, hair, and years into a relationship only to be walked out on, you can pour blood, sweat, cum, talent, hair, and years into a relationship only to be walked out on once again.

If you do not hear music, you are not listening hard enough.

If you believe accessibility is anathema to brilliance, you are anathema to brilliance.

If you are too effusive to be sincere, you are too worried to be mortal.

If you are too austere to be elusive you are too tortile to be hurried.

If you have to look up a word to spell it correctly for your manifesto, that's ok! You're really cool and actually really smart and everyone loves you.

If you leave your computer open in the library, logged into your account, someone will write a stupid manifesto bullet point on it.

If you do not hear music, you are not listening hard enough.

If you are on the street, looking at the man who everyone loves, and you say, "I love you, man," you are not listening hard enough.

If you have the time to use "concision" in a sentence, you are not being concise.

If you read the label to find your daily recommended value of sugar or gender or saturated fat, take it with a grain of salt. But just one, you don't want to exceed your daily value of sodium!

If you are working in binary,
I'm sorry, but I'm not really in the business of listening to robots.

If you are working in binary,
I'm sorry, but I use the decimal system.

If you want an apology because something is too abstract or cryptic, I'm sorry, but I won't do that.

If you are not beaten, tarred, and feathered in town square, on the corner of the saloon and the discount peashooter store, for being too excitable that you can't help but cry from laughing so hard and laugh from crying so hard in a kind of cyclical actualization of human emotion that you are wearing on your sleeve, you are wasting your breath and deserve to be beaten, tarred, and feathered in town square, on the corner of the saloon and the discount peashooter store.

If I fly too close to the sun; if I forego emotional catharsis for thematic cohesion; if I roll a boulder up a hill every day only for it to fall each night; if I lay, bound on the shore, waiting for albatross to consume my organs each day only for them to grow back each night; if I mix my metaphors; if I am blinded by my hubris and comment on the stick up your ass, or your clutched pearls, or your pretel-shaped body; if I make presumptions about your character based on your puzzle-solving aptitude; if I say that you ought to be beaten, tarred, and feathered in town square, on the corner of the saloon and the discount peashooter store; if I criticize your listening ability; you have my permission, to, in turn, have this manifesto bound on the shore, waiting for me to consume it, shred by shred, until the paper dissolves in my mouth each day, only for it to grow back each night. You have my permission to make this manifesto roll me up a hill each day, only to have me fall each night. This is the deal I make with you.

If you do not hear music, you are not listening hard enough.

When you hear music, you are not listening hard enough.

If you are not striving hard,
you are not striving hard enough.